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Odd, Quaint and Queer Shaksperian



Handsomely and Strikingly

Illustrated

Quotations

Words by

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE



Images, war'ly and antickly fashioned, by the painstaking craftmasters

PETER QUINCE, FRANCIS FLUTE, NICK BOTTOM,
TOM SNOUT, ROBIN STARVELING,

Foregathered and Shackled by

SNUG, the Joiner



Fyrste quotation : : 50 cents

We must speak by the card or equivocation will undo us.

—HAMLET, Act V.

Price is 50 cents.—SNUG.

Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad.

—2d part of KING HENRY IV, Act II.

Not necessary to be, if you have 50 cents.—SNUG.

Can the world buy such a jewel?—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act I.

Yes, for 50 cents.—SNUG.

These be good humors, indeed.—2d Part of KING HENRY IV, Act II.

Very good, indeed, for 50 cents.—SNUG

'Twill away again from me to you.—HAMLET, Act V.

Certainly, for 50 cents.—SNUG.

Patronesses:

LADY MACBETH, DAME QUICKLY, and the
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR



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1892



—2d part of KING HENRY IV, Act II. flies.—HAM.

his favorite

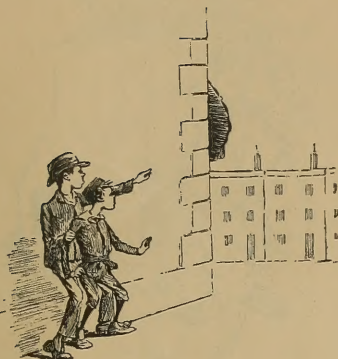
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SHAKSPEAR · PREPARING · A
PLAY · FOR · THE · STAGE ·

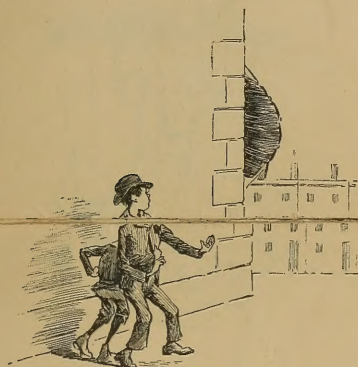
“When Learning's triumph o'er his barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspear rose:
Each change of many-colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.”



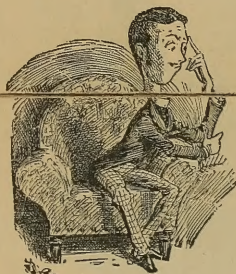
For he is superstitious grown of late.
—JULIUS CÆSAR, Act II.



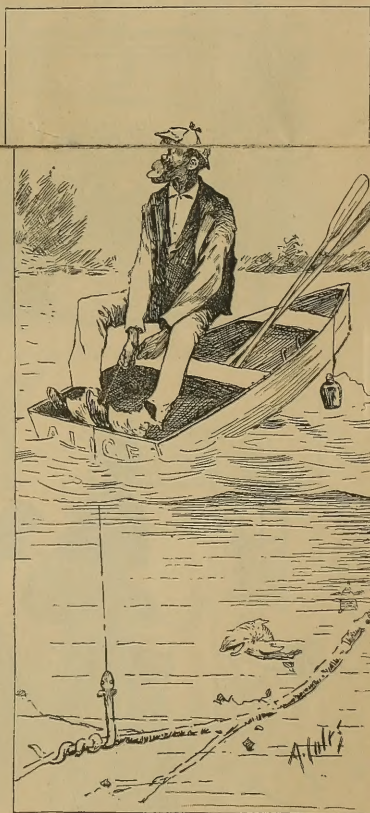
Too slightly timbered for so loud a wind.—HAMLET, Act IV.



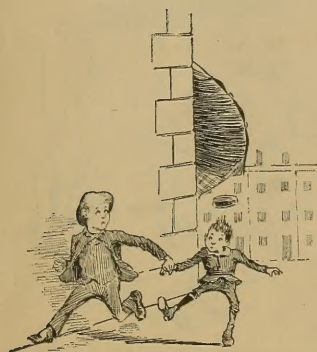
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
—HAMLET, Act I.



All tongues speak of him, and
the blessed sights are spectacled
to see him.—CORIOLANUS, Act II.



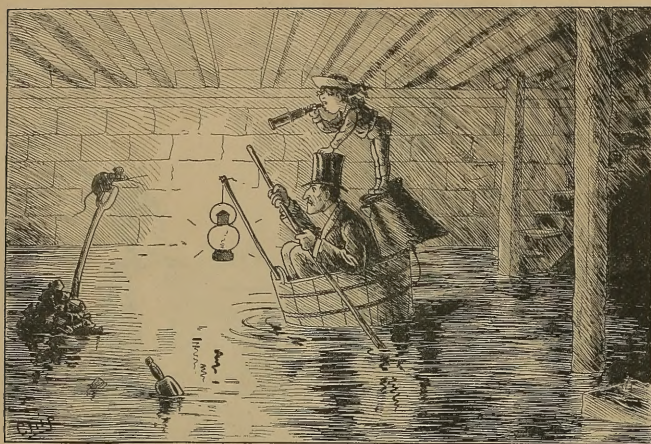
Why, that's the way to fool their preparation.
—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act V.



Yes, I agree and thank you for your motion.
—3d Part KING HENRY VI, Act III.



The great man down, you mark his favorite
flies.—HAMLET, Act III.



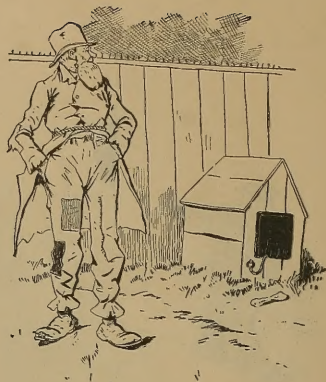
Good! Speak to the mariners; fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground.—THE TEMPEST, Act I.



But swords I smile at—weapons laugh to scorn.—MACBETH, Act V.



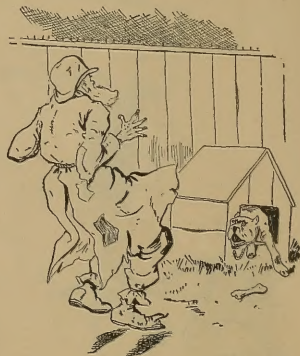
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks, that were the cause of my imprisonment.—KING RICHARD III, Act I.



Sirrah, Falstaff, and the rest of the thieves are at the door.—1st Part KING HENRY IV, Act II.



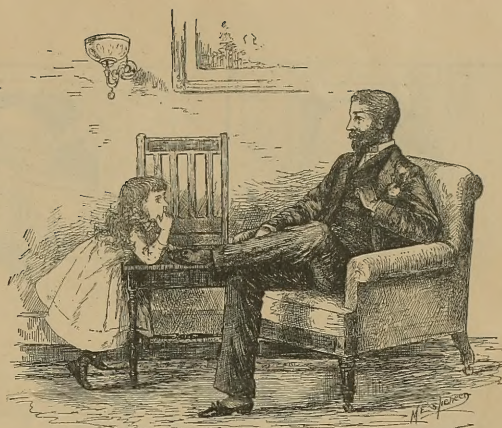
You guard like men; 'tis well: but by your leave.—CORIOLANUS, Act V.



A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen.—1st Part KING HENRY IV, Act II.



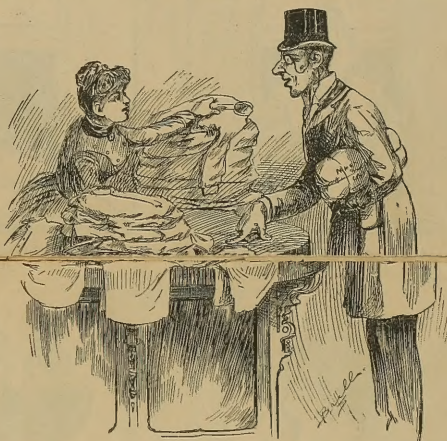
He proved best man i' the field.
—CORIOLANUS, Act II.



Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women.—KING RICHARD III, Act I.



Nor resumes no care of what is to continue.
—TIMON OF ATHENS, Act I.



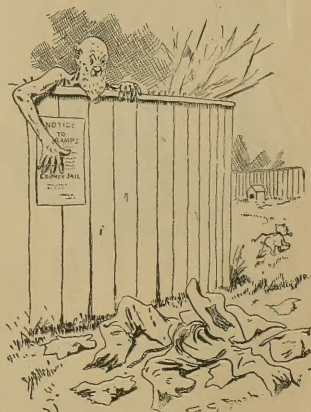
Me, an t please you; I am Antony Dull.—LOVE'S LABOR LOST, Act I.



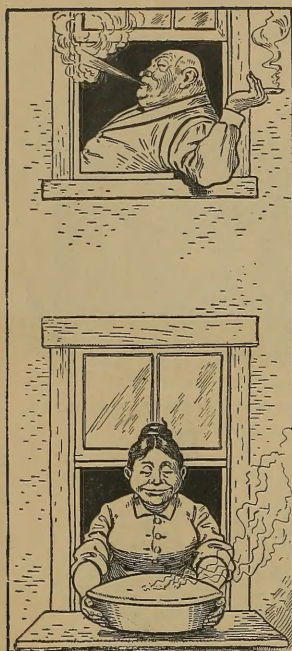
Chaff and bran ! porridge after meat.
—TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act I.



Good night, sir—My Octavia, read not my blemishes in the world's report.
—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act II.

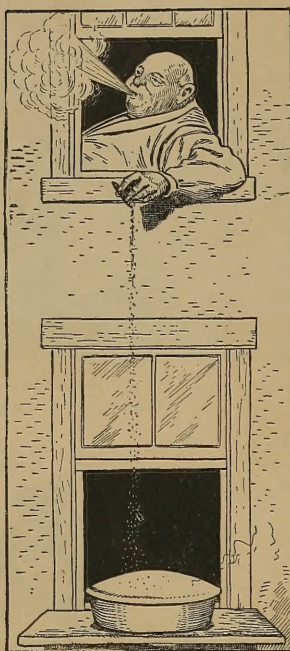


Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here.
—KING LEAR, Act II.



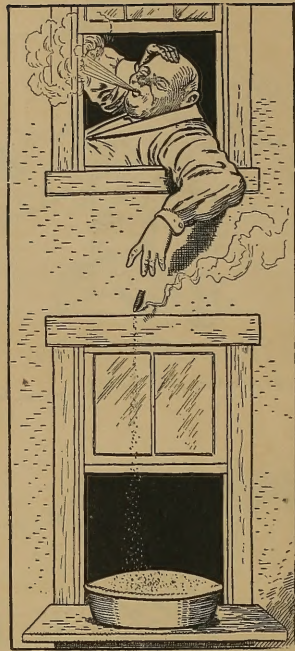
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks.

—KING RICHARD III, Act I.

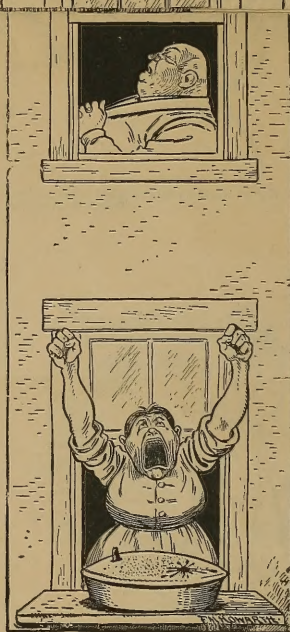


May I be bold to ask what that contains?

—KING HENRY VIII, Act IV.



Thanks, fairest lady. What, are men mad?—CYMBELINE, Act I.



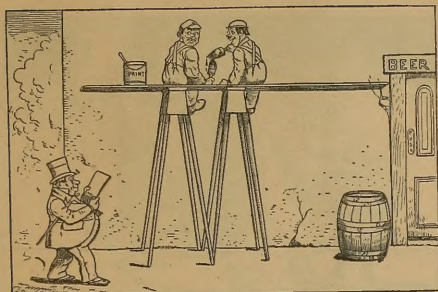
Look on 't again, I dare not.

—MACBETH, Act II.

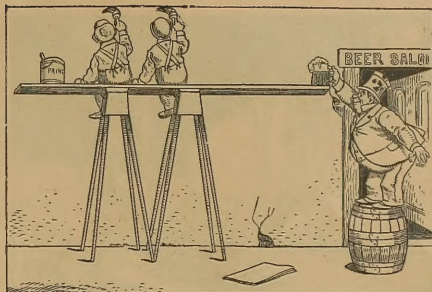
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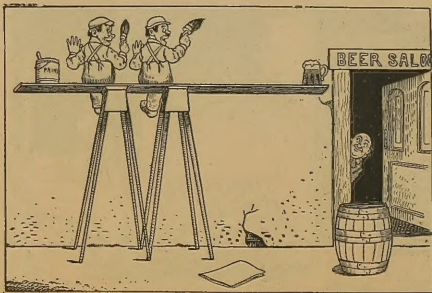
The games are done and Cæsar is returning.—JULIUS CÆSAR, Act I.



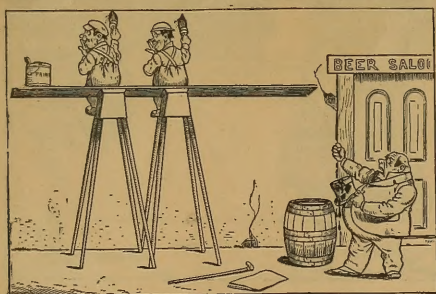
My soul is too much charged with blood of thine already.
—MACBETH, Act. V.



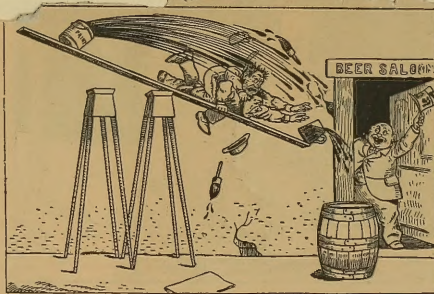
What grows of it, no matter.—KING LEAR, Act I.



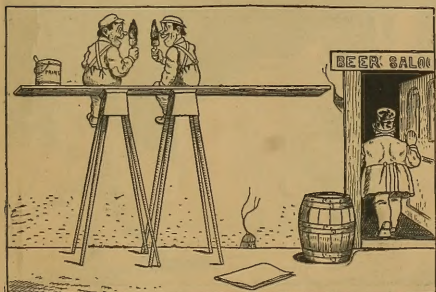
'Twas no need to bid me trudge.—ROMEO AND JULIET, Act I.



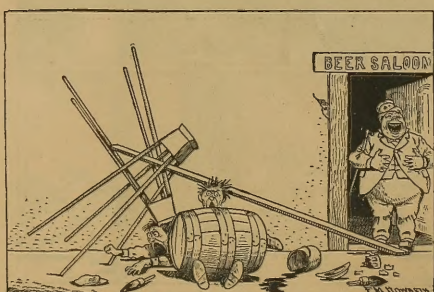
O, Vengeance, Vengeance.—CYMBELINE, Act III.



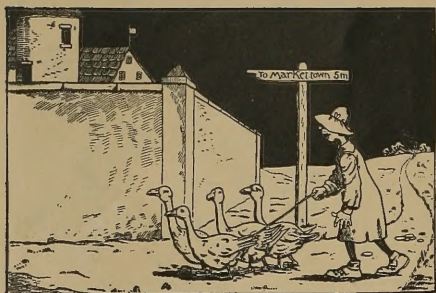
Trust not to rotten planks.—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act III.



For mine's a suit that touches Cæsar nearer.—JULIUS CÆSAR, Act II.



If thou be'st not immortal, look about you. Security gives way to conspiracy.—JULIUS CÆSAR, Act II.



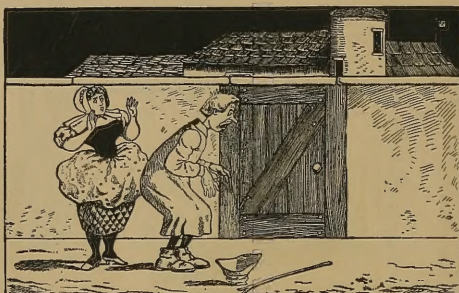
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull.—TIMON OF ATHENS, Act I.



Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.—KING HENRY V, Act V.



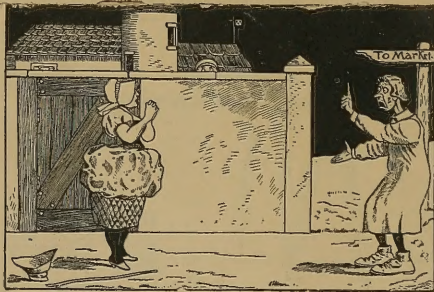
At what was all this laughing?—TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act I.



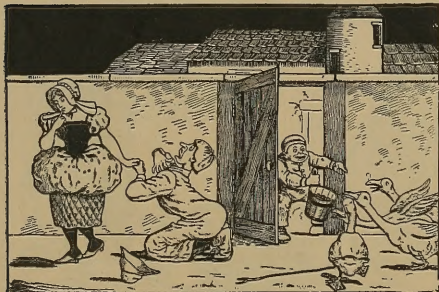
We do lock our former scruples in our strong-barr'd gates.—KING JOHN, Act II.



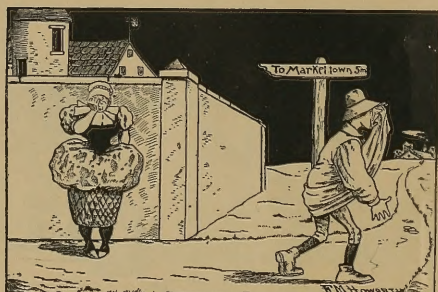
Your grace has grown so pleasant.—KING HENRY VIII, Act II.



Shall our coffers, then, be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
—1st Part KING HENRY IV, Act I.



We are to reap the harvest of his son.—KING RICHARD III, Act II.



Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.—KING RICHARD, Act II.

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